

WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1919

BRIGHT COLORS WORN

Brilliant Colors Combined in Plaid, Blazer and Oriental Effects Give Variety to Popular Costumes of Season

The Evening World Daily Magazine

Latest Fashions at Newport

WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1919

NEW FRENCH SLEEVE

Novelties Are Fringed Skirt and Tunic, Together With the Short Sleeve That Is the Last Word From Paris



Communication With Dead By Psychic Drive on World At Hand, Says Experimenter

Intelligent and Constructive Personalities in Another Sphere Are Uniting Against "A Greater Danger Than Germany," Is Belief of Woman Author of Work on Brotherhood of Man.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

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THERE is no death. Communication with those who we say have "died"—and whose personalities, less their bodies, have in reality been transferred to another plane—is perfectly possible and will be the next great discovery accepted and explored by science.

To-day the more intelligent and constructive of these personalities are uniting in a psychic drive on this world, to strengthen and unify the forces of constructive co-operation and progress against "a greater danger than Germany"—the forces of disintegration that now threaten society.

These are the conclusions of Margaret Cameron, author of "The Seven Purposes," a remarkable narrative of experiences in psychic phenomena and a new exposition of an old philosophy—the brotherhood of man. Margaret Cameron is an American woman, the author of a number of witty, charmingly written novels and, in private life, the wife of Harrison C. Lewis of New York. Her unusual psychic experiences, which began sixteen months ago, have evoked and crystallized in this country the widespread, and intelligent interest aroused in England by the expressed faith of such prominent men as Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Conan Doyle in the actuality of communication with those whom we call "dead."

In a recent issue of Harper's Magazine Margaret Cameron sums up some of the truly remarkable messages received by her as an automatic writer. In the words of the war during the spring of 1918, when the last German drive seemed to be sweeping the Allies into the Channel and back from Paris, an old friend of Miss Cameron's on the next plane assured her repeatedly that the German victory was but temporary and that "Germany cannot win."

On the evening of Aug. 12, when probably every officer of the Allies was anticipating at least two years more of war, a message received by Miss Cameron and signed "William James" prophesied that the war would end in October. Germany's application for an armistice was made Oct. 27. Other prophecies, written through Miss Cameron's pen before the event which fulfilled

then such phenomena as I discovered were the result of a disembodied personality. When anybody else suggested such a thing, in those days, I stopped the performance at once. The idea was absolutely repellent to me.

"Even now I dislike to be called a 'spiritualist.' I feel as I did when in South America I used to be called a 'North American.' And I think it absolutely ironical that the intellectuals, at the colleges and elsewhere, should be interesting themselves in my recorded experiences, for my pet pursuit for years has been shying bricks at the highbrows!"

I quote this because it illustrates the sane, modest, humorous, non-mystical personality of Margaret Cameron. Blue-eyed, fair-skinned, with a crown of dark hair and a pleasantly rounded figure, she is the intelligent, carefully dressed, well-bred type of matron whom New York men take in to dinner nightly.

Never have I met any one more removed from cheap fakery and sensationalism on the one hand, or, on the other, from wordy, watery new-gospelism. And if anything ever sounded like the talk of real people it is the quoted messages in "The Seven Purposes." Frederic, for example, was a brilliant and influential young newspaper editor on this plane, and his talk has the "punch," the sense, even the humorous slang of the truly intelligent men in my profession.

"All I want is to talk like folks to the family," he declares on one occasion. "For the love of Mike, stop thinking of me as different and translated and serious and solemn! I do preach a lot, I admit. But I'm just as fond of a joke as I ever was, and I refuse to be set aside as a superior being! Come on, now, count me in as the boy and out as a thing to be treated with solemn reverence! I'm myself, and I want it recognised!"

"I am no angel, you know," he says another time, "and thank God I am not above being excited. When I am I WILL be dead!"

This same Frederic offers an admirably forceful and sensible argument against Government ownership, and warns constantly and consistently against what "need not be a world revolution, but will be if the co-structive among you don't wake up. This isn't ten years off. It's now. But it can still be stopped." Russia he describes as "a flaming sacrifice, to light the world on the way not to go."

Scientists, philosophers, teachers, sepiets have watched Miss Cameron in her apartment at work—all the electric lights turned on, a roll of lining wallpaper spread on a card table, an ordinary pencil, held lightly in her hand, moving for hours at a time in script from an inch and a half to four inches high. It has been agreed that it is physically impossible for her, unassisted by outside force, to make the mere physical movements—she calls it "athletic exercise"—involved in her experiments. She and her friends bear witness that the philosophy expounded is quite outside her mental habit and couched in language such as she never would use to express her own thoughts.

"What," I asked her, "is the gist of this teaching you believe to be from another plane? And what is the good of it?"

"The philosophy urged is simply the old one of brotherly love and co-operation, with individual freedom for development, between all the individuals making up society," she said. "Just now the personalities admit that they can get across to this world as never before, because of the way men's minds have been shaken up by the war and distracted from the merely material. They—the personalities—are especially desirous of adding their counsel and constructive force to ours, because of the crisis they say is at hand—the conflict between order and disorder, construction and destruction, progress and disintegration, which the disintegrating forces we call Bolshevism, I. W. W.-ism, and other names, are forcing on us."

"There are disintegrating forces, mischievous ones, on the other plane as well as on this. But if we accept helpful communications as from helpful personalities who once walked the earth we are helped in three ways. Their influence for good confirms and upholds our ideals, their messages prove that there is a meaning and a purpose in life, and the peculiarly sweet hope of personal survival, personal reunion is confirmed."

"The best expression of what we call death," Margaret Cameron ended with a little smile, assured and tender, "came out the other day when a man asked his wife, who was speaking to him through my pencil, what had happened to her."

"You say you are not dead," he argued, "and that you have not gone away. What have you done?"

"Changed my clothes!" she answered instantly.

After that peculiarly feminine figure of speech, who will say there is no sex survival?

Quarrels of Man and Wife Are Often Good for Both In Shaping Character

Revelations Made in Anger May Be Truths That Will Help Them to Open Their Eyes and See Their Faults, Whereas Blind Love Is Likely to Drive the Ship of Matrimony on the Rocks.

By Fay Stevenson.

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REALLY successful, happy marriage cannot consist of all "dears" and "darlings," and "you did just right." Two people living under the same roof year after year could not possibly always do "just right." There must be some mistakes, and there must be some hard hills to climb, and the only way to be happy is to look squarely at things just as they are.

One of the greatest aids to a happy married life is truth, and if a thing isn't right it is better to say so at once.

Couples who boast that they never had a quarrel in all their married life do not realize how tame and unprofitable they are confessing their existence to be. They might just as well say: "We don't want to lift a finger to help one another to develop in any way. We never disagree because it's easier to agree. We don't care what the other thinks or does, so why should we quarrel?"

But the couples who are "head-over-heels" in love with each other do care, and because they care they quarrel now and then.

It is human nature for people to tell us things when they are angry or perturbed at us which they would never dream even of hinting in a calm, placid, happy-go-lucky mood. And nine times out of ten these are things that are good for us to know.

Couples who go drifting quietly along life's current with never a ripple or a splash miss all the advantage that comes from the revelations made in the heat of a quarrel. The fact that they never have even a tiny lift means that their eyes are closed to each other's faults. And what could be more unfortunate than such a blind, indifferent married life?

Better a marriage which glares and bellows occasionally, even to the point of tears, if by this means truths

each other's character are sure to be dropped. Perhaps the reason most old maids and bachelors are so narrow in their points of view is simply because they never had any one to tell them a few little things about themselves. Matrimony would change all this eccentricity and narrowness if allowed to take its natural course with an occasional quarrel.

Many a man has had his whole career made for him as a result of a little tiff in which he learned from his wife's lips a few truths about himself. Without this lesson his life would have been vastly different, for he would never have appreciated either his possibilities or his limitations. That "Do you want to know what I think of you?" and the torrent of explanation that followed started him on the right path.

When a man and a woman are making love they enumerate over and over again one another's sweet, good characteristics and praiseworthy accomplishments. It is only when they belong to each other enough to quarrel that they mention all the weak, miserable characteristics and qualities which they have noticed all the time. And this is just why married life can be made much happier by the right sort of quarrels.

To reach its highest goal marriage must be an eye-opener. "Two heads are better than one," and two tongues and four eyes ought to be better than one tongue and two eyes. One of the finest things about marriage is that two people living together for years can, if they will, benefit by each other's different viewpoints of life.

The moment a husband discovers that his wife is taking a narrow, restricted view of anything it is his duty to try to broaden her vision, no matter if it does cause friction and "start something." It is the combat of life that develops character. In the same way, when a wife realizes that her husband is taking wrong views of life it is her duty to make him see himself as others see him.

People seldom like to be told their faults, but it is greatly for their good that they be told, and marriage ought to teach them to grin and bear it. The women must learn to see things from a big, broad, masculine viewpoint, and a man must learn to look through the gentler, keener, feminine eye. The little tiffs, with their accompanying words of bitter truth, are the very things which teach a man and a woman the real facts of life.

Instead of always living happily ever afterward, like mere fairyland folk, it is far better to disagree once in a while. In the argument that ensues numerous valuable things about

And the rule works both ways. No husband ever lived who could not utter truths about his wife in the heat of a quarrel that he would otherwise never have dared mention. The sensible wife takes heed of these revelations about herself and profits by them after the tiff is over.

Turtle-dove lovetaking is all very well, but its glamour needs to be hardened occasionally by the cold rays of truth. And these rays shine to their best advantage in clearing away difficulties of married life when husband and wife are having a vigorous little "spat."

It's a mistake to think quarrels do no good outside of furnishing pleasant opportunities for kissing and "making up" later. There is a real moral benefit to be gained by sensible husbands and wives from their little tiffs.

Ignorant Essays THE COW

By J. P. McEvoy

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THE cow is a kind-hearted animal that gives us milk, butter, cheese, steaks and shoes. In return, she is allowed to manure the meadows, eating the tall grasses and the sweet little buttercups.

Being a cow is a very pleasant occupation, because, like porch-climbing, it takes you out into the open air. But the cow hasn't got it as nice now as in former times. To-day she is milked by bearded men and automatic machinery, where in former times she could loaf under the shady trees and be deprived of her milk by pretty maids, whose presence was a benediction and whose touch was a balm.

Cows are very useful, very. They grow a calloused cuticle to protect our feet from the atmosphere and in the fall they eat the old straw hats which we would have to wear otherwise. They are also indirectly responsible for cheese.

Cows' children are called calves when alive and veals when deceased. Calves are noted for the veal chops they develop. It is a peculiar fact that the calf is the only animal that can grow veal chops. Calves resemble their mothers in that they have a leg on each corner and the usual number

BIRDS SWAT THE MOSQUITO.

If you want to free the neighborhood of mosquitoes encourage swallows to make themselves at home, says the American Forestry Association of Washington, which is conducting the national bird-house building contest among school children. These birds feed almost entirely upon obnoxious insects and they will do much toward protecting orchards and other trees from insect pests. No better investment can be made, therefore, than some houses set out for martins or other swallows. Of the largest, the male being entirely blue above and below, while the female is blue above with a gray breast.